

remember them, all were aged men with long white beards and flowing hair. They were kindly spoken, and had the stamp of sanctification on their brow. They looked, for all the world, like the pictures of the prophets and apostles, so often seen in old paintings. There was nothing of pretence about them. Their religion was of that deep rich character that left its impress upon the entire life. It was physical and material, as well as spiritual. It involved elements of self sacrifice, and that exquisite feature of devotion that none but a sincere man would make. They were in all respects what they appeared to be, lowly followers of the son of God.

Our home was a distance from the congregation in which the family membership was held. We seldom attended its stated services, except on occasions of communion. At such a time the entire family would go. The services usually began at 10 A. M. on Saturday, and lasted until Sunday evening. Members from far and near would come together, and the social features of the occasion were almost as prominent and enjoyable as the religious. It was a sort of family reunion, and the good time had at the "big meeting" was talk-over with pleasure for months after it had passed. Its memory lingers with me yet. The joyousness of those occasions, the kindness of the people; the saintly appearance of their faces; the godliness of their conversation, and the remarkable simplicity and purity of their lives, left an impression on the mind which time and change can never efface.

When I grew older, and thought of religion or leading a religious life, my mind invariably reverted to the church of my mother—not perhaps for her sake—but because through her I was brought in contact with the best element of the church, and in her saw that ideal standard of the purity it taught, and which its universal membership appeared to represent. Its distinctive doctrines mother taught us only by example. She sometimes explained to a stranger or neighbor, what the church taught and why. Beyond this she said little except as admonitory to her children to lead exemplary and christian lives. My father was not a church member during much of my early life, but no preacher ever held more decided convictions on the infallible nature of "Dunkard" doctrine, or defended them with greater vigor. I did not understand the formulated faith of the church, but believed in its sufficiency, because it had the characteristic of almost invariably producing exceptionally good men. Those who once espoused its cause seldom backslid. No difference how wild, wayward, or wicked, before conversion, they almost universally became the best of men after.

When I finally experienced a religious change, I turned to that church, more through the influence of the average life of its membership than from a settled conviction of the validity and authority of its doctrines. Its machinery I knew was considered cumbersome, but the manufactured article of manhood was good, and that was sufficient. The primary purpose of churches I fully believed was to make good men, and my knowledge of the church was of that intimate character that led to the most unbounded confidence in its success in that direction.

In my helpless, homeless, sinful state I needed inspiration and aid, and to that church I naturally turned as a child to the strength of its father's house. And what was more natural? My parents were members of its fold, as were my grand parents on both sides, and their parents before them. I had the pure Dunkard blood of generations coursing through my veins; was a Dunkard of Dunkards by inheritance, training, education and sympathy, and that was my natural and lawful home. There were other causes that contributed to the final choice which will be noted further along. But these alone would have been generally accepted as sufficient.

Looking back now, after long years of active and incessant labor, extended throughout every channel of its public and private interests; after a thorough investigation and test of the truth and merit of its doctrines, in the privacy of library study, in the pulpit, and on the forum; after close observation of the effect of its teaching upon the lives of thoughtful, earnest men, who needed religious help and education, I have no reason to regret my choice, nor would I make it otherwise could the past be recalled. Trouble I have seen in the church, but that exists always and everywhere. No church or society is exempt; jealousy, envy, and all their kindred brood, have I seen in plenty, but that is a canker with which all churches are forced to endure. I began work in the church on the evening of trying times; came through a conflict as hot as war, and as blighting as a pestilence, but not one problem of the lesson

would I abridge or dilute, had I the power. "All things work together for good to those who love God, to them who are called according to his purpose."

#### How to Cure Exaggeration

Some habits are so unconsciously practiced that a movement to mend them is the only way to detect them. The beam in one's own eye is less noticed than the mote in another person's eye.

A family while at the breakfast table one morning, pledged to observe the strictest veracity for that day. A member of the family tells the "consequence."

As a first fruit of the resolve, we asked the one who suggested it:

"What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with, "Because I couldn't"—and then, true to her compact, said, "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry or I might have been down long."

Presently she remarked that she had been very cold my life."

An inquirer modified her statement, "I was so cold."

A third respondent was "the honest city," was recalled as being compelled to own only "rather plain," in-temperately.

So it went merriment, the subject in the inter-

One thing became and more surprising, however, to each one of us: that was the amount of cutting down which our most careful statements demanded under this new law.

#### Religion of the Modern Italian Peasant.

The religion of the peasant is almost that of the dark ages. Many of the rites and reminiscences of the old pagan ceremonies, such, for instance, as the carrying of the miraculous images of the Madonna from one village to another, which reminds one of the journey which the statue of Athena used to make every year from its shrine on the Acropolis to the city of Eleusis, where it would remain a week, and then be carried back again. The peasants believe most sincerely in the miracle-working images, in ghosts, visions, and all things supernatural. Statues of saints are reported to have turned aside in horror at sacrilegious deeds, and the accounts are seriously printed in the local papers. The people are completely priest ridden. A pretty girl who sat for her portrait to an artist friend of mine was obliged by her confessor to walk to a shrine sixty miles distant as a penance for the crime of having been so remote parts of the country it was to try to photograph the peasants, and to work a man, in the

A recent let it be known his poems several of from this something like editor," who course of a year of verse is on-ting decidedly "poetry" received another third "a reading for personal amusement," while about two per cent. of the rest is "worth considering." Thirty poems a year out of 1,500 is a bad showing. Evidently the outlook for poetry and poets is not so favorable as it might be. The authors of some of the 1,470 poems which are cast out are entitled to a modicum of sympathy, but the heart throbs with emotion at the thought of the terrific strain to which the intellectuals of the "poetry editor" are subjected from one year's end to another.—New York Tribune.

"It is not intellectual work that injures the brain," says the London Hospital "but emotional excitement. Most men can stand the severest thought and study of which their brains are capable, and be none the worse for it; for neither thought nor study interferes with the recuperative influence of sleep. It is ambition, anxiety and disappointment, the hopes and fears, the loves and hates, of our lives, that wear out our nervous system and endanger the balance of the brain."

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

##### MY MARGARET.

To Brother H. R. Holsinger: My dear brother in the Lord; While mine is the deep, and irreparable loss of a faithful wife, my true companion in a forty year struggle in the battle of life, you have lost a true and steadfast personal friend; one who always stood in your defense, in all the conflicts through which you have passed in the eventful twenty years of our past lives. In view of these facts I place at your disposal the following sketch, to publish in the EVANGELIST with such additional remarks as it may be your pleasure to offer.

In the early settlement of North Western Virginia, came Valentine King, from New England, and located on Laurel Run, in the North Western part of Preston county, a spot sacred in my memory, not so much on account of the crystal waters and the speckled trout in the run, but because here, in the year of grace 1849, I first met my Margaret.

Grandfather King raised five sons: Thomas, James, Isaac, John, and Valentine. These and their descendants were and are, the true American type of Kings: free men themselves, and desiring the freedom of all men, even the humblest and poorest of the human race, they were as patriotic as they were liberal. They were represented in the second struggle with the mother country for the permanent establishment of the independence of their country. We find no trace of them in the war with Mexico. They regarded that as a scheme on the part of the slave-holders of the South for the extension of the institution of human bondage. But when the country was confronted with the slave-holder's rebellion, the Kings responded to the call of the government with their means, their labors, and their lives. Two of them died in the prison pens of the South, while others aided in the civil service and helped to block out the new free state of West Virginia.

Margaret was the third daughter of John King, the fourth son of Valentine. Her father was a man of fine business qualifications, having been a magistrate for many years, and having also held the office of sheriff of Preston county. He died in 1848, about one year prior to my acquaintance with the family.

Margaret was a young lady of fine address, a good conversationalist, with a fair education for that time and opportunity. She was not as is said of some men: "a walking dictionary," but was, what with the same propriety might be called a walking spelling-book. And while I lay some claim to orthography, she was my standard of appeal up to the last. Whenever I had any doubt as to the spelling of a word, her decision was almost always correct.

Denominationally, the King brothers were divided between the Baptists and the Presbyterians. Father John King being a Baptist, Margaret united with that church when young, probably about 18 years of age, and about 7 years prior to our marriage. Unfortunately, as is very much too often the case with young people, the subject of religion, or rather denominationalism was not discussed between us during our courtship. She being several years my senior, and being a true Christian lady, it has often been a matter of surprise to me that she did not introduce the subject. But she knew from my attitude toward the subject of religion in general, that I was at all events friendly toward the cause of religion and morality, and I suppose she thought it best to defer a direct issue for the time. This I think was my mistake.

I was born and raised in Somerset county Pennsylvania, where the prevailing religious sentiment was Dunkard, and my religious belief was rooted and grounded in the same; but I did not tell her so, and that, I think was my mistake.

On the 14th of January 1850, Margaret King became my wife, and no man ever had a truer and more faithful wife since the first union in the garden of Eden.

Some months after our marriage, as we were going to church one Sunday, I told her that I had a notion to join the Dunkards, when I would get to where there was an opportunity. Her knowledge of the Dunkards was very vague; but her impression of them was favorable, and she replied: "I should like for you to be a good Dunkard." About a year later we moved into a dunkard settlement, and soon thereafter our first born, a babe 4 months old died, and I sent for Elder Jacob M. Thomas, to preach its funeral. We were all very well pleased with the discourse, and especially with the patriarchal appearance of the man. Some months after this I had a conversation with the good old brother. I told him that I was inclined to unite with their church, but that there were some obstacles in the way; that I believed in mission work, Sabbath school work, a well educated ministry, and revival meetings, and that my understanding of the matter was, that they, as a